

The Socialist Spirit suspends publication with this number.

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The Socialist Spirit

The Fellowship

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The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.

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Photo by Bertha Howell, 480 Boylston St., Boston

ICANNOT send forth the last issue of our little monthly without a personal word of Hail and Farewell to the friends who time and again have sent to *The Socialist Spirit* their word of praise and approbation. I feel that I am eminently the gainer by the few poor things I have written in the past eighteen months; some of them forged at white heat of mental and moral feeling; some of them produced under stress of great weariness of body and mind. I am the gainer because some of these things have brought me closer to my fellows; those who feel passionately as I do the unspeakable wrongs that flourish in the world—and that there is a remedy for them.

If in the future I shall be moved to write, I can only hope that what is written may be received in the same spirit of generous friendliness that has made the preparation of *The Socialist Spirit* from month to month a care that was not all a care.

Franklin H. Wentworth

NOTE:—Eighteen numbers of the Socialist Spirit have been published of which this is the last and final number.

The Socialist Spirit

VOL. II

FEBRUARY, 1903

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The Pathways of Finance The interesting continuous performance called the Interstate Commerce Commission never fails to bring on some interesting features at its hearings for those who have the patience to sit out its entire program of dreary inconsequence.

At New York a gentleman named Perkins, who works for J. P. Morgan & Co., recently introduced a series of motion-pictures, exhibiting Mr. Morgan and Mr. Jawn Gates in their unparalleled feat of passing along the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

It seems that early last year the stock of the Louisville and Nashville was selling at about 102. Mr. Gates, to allay his mortification caused by his throw-down in Colorado, crawled under the door of the stock exchange and when the directors of the Louisville road came down to business one morning with an issue of 50,000 new shares in their pockets they found Mr. Gates and his associates in control of 306,000 of the shares already issued.

According to Mr. Perkins, Gates paid from 102 to 110 for 102,000 shares, and an average of about 125 for the balance of 204,000. The 306,000 shares thus cost the speculator about \$36,312,000, and he seems to have had no trouble in getting the money to help along the game.

When it was discovered that Gates had control of the Louisville, several eminent financiers had dignified fits. The Louisville had been always a conservative property. It rumbled around "the street" that the game was to raise the dividend, send up the price of the stock, sell out, and stand from under. Visions of Jay Gould, Jim Fisk and the "golden Erie" flitted through Wall street, and Mr. Morgan had a bad half hour.

The Great King went to see Mr. Gates, and Mr. Gates wrote down some figures on a scratch-block. The Great King paid.

This was the price: For 102,000 shares, 130, equal to \$13,260,000; for 206,000 shares, 150, equal to \$30,600,000; total, \$43,860,000 paid; Gates' profit, \$7,548,000. All cash.

Do not fail to note that Mr. Gates received *cash*.

Mr. Gates had *his* profit and the game was now in the hands of the Great King. The Great King had not only to sell all these shares to somebody, but he had to find a purchaser who would pay him more than *he* paid Gates. He could never sell them in the street. He must unload on somebody—somebody who couldn't help it. The Atlantic Coast Line has a lot of middle-class stockholders, and Mr. Morgan could

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ruin them at a word by swinging his big interests against them. So he kindly let them buy the Louisville stock. A word from Mr. Morgan that it had better take the stock seems to have sufficed, and the company promptly doubled its capital and debt, issuing \$35,000,000 of bonds and \$15,000,000 of stock, which were turned over to a Morgan syndicate in exchange for the 306,000 shares of Louisville and Nashville. These securities are now above par. But suppose the Morgan syndicate realized only par. Then the Morgan profit in the transaction equals \$6,140,000. This is the second "rake-off" in the game. The Gates stock-jobbers made \$7,548,000 and the "conservative financiers" made over \$6,000,000—the total profit being nearly \$14,000,000.

But how about the little capitalists of the Atlantic Coast Line?

They have sunk into "capital liability"; that is to say, *debt*.

First, an inflated value for Louisville and Nashville stock due to the scramble of a stock-jobbing gang for control; second, a large profit to the said gang, and, third, another large profit to the Morgan syndicate. Altogether, a fictitious value of about \$20,000,000 has been capitalized into the Atlantic Coast Line company on a transaction totaling \$50,000,000.

When the crash comes, the little capitalists of the Atlantic Coast Line will have just twenty million dollars' worth of paper—paper to frame on their walls like a medical diploma, as an evidence of their graduation from the capitalist system of finance.

This transaction is of a piece with the financing which has been going on all along the line of railroad and trust consolidations.

And yet the little capitalist who owns a share of this paper, and is traveling to his financial shipwreck, thinks his interest lies in perpetuating the present system; the system under which Mr. Gates and Mr. Morgan get the cash and he gets the "capital liability," that is to say, the debt.

The Little Coal Men

An interesting elimination of the middle class may be noted in the recent and present treatment of the local coal dealers. Most of the little coal men of Chicago, Toledo and a number of other cities have been indicted for conspiring to advance prices and prevent competition. Pretty nearly everybody except those primarily responsible for the fuel famine is being struck at.

That the public wrath should be deflected from the real culprits to the petty coal dealers, who simply followed the logical method of the competitive system and took advantage of the necessities of the people, argues something more than chance. One may see in it deliberate design. There has been for some time among the coal railroads a positive intention to abolish the little coal dealer and substitute in his place a hired agent. To do this in cold blood would be so ably to dramatize the socialist contention that the middle class is being utterly destroyed, that the coal barons have shrunk from any sudden instigation of it, hesitating to arouse the inevitable public clamor.

But by getting the little coal men in public disfavor, by pointing to them as the culprits of the coal famine, they may be removed without protest, in the name of humanity and the public conscience. So the crafty coal barons "inspire" the press to flay the naughty little capitalists who have not the good of the public at heart. The agent of the coal barons is installed, the little coal dealer is sent to seek a new "business"; and the irate and stupid public cries "good for him!"

The coal barons sweep into their pockets the livings of the little dealers, and the distributing agent appears, and serves for half the cost. Another "economic waste" is thus eliminated.



The National Economic League

The National Economic League is flowing into quite an interesting performance. It has on its board of associates

the names of most of the college presidents of the country, many "rectors" and others of the parasitic class, including a few of the Mighty Dead.

It has issued a folder in warm commendation of two books written by "judge" Freeman O. Willey. The folder modestly admits that "whoever reads *The Laborer and the Capitalist* and *Education, State Socialism and the Trust*, will be convinced that wealth is not concentrating in the hands of the few, but is diffusing among the many."

Bishop Henry C. Potter, whose expenses of a trip around the world were recently paid by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, says:

"A fair, unbiased, unprejudiced discussion of questions relating to Capital, Labor and Trusts—Timely Books. This is the kind of educational work pre-eminently needed just now. I trust both books may have a wide circulation."

This, however, is mild and retiring compared with the commendation of one "reverend" Frederick E. J. Lloyd, Episcopal Rector, at Hamilton, Ohio, whose words have been published upon a special slip and who receives this distinction no doubt because he said the things some preacher was expected to say:

I have read "*The Laborer and the Capitalist*" with great pleasure and much profit. I intend to make it the subject of a discourse to the laboring people at an early date.

Many of the arguments are new to me and a great surprise, yet I have found them irresistible, and many of my pre-conceived notions regarding the concentration of wealth and the relations of capital and labor fled before them.

I would that all my associates in the ministry had a copy of this able and instructive work. It would shed much needed light on their path of duty; as it relates to capital and labor, the concentration of wealth, and the division of the results of industry.

It is my deliberate judgment that no work outside of the Bible is capable of so much good, under existing circumstances, as this book.

I prophesy that its influence will be great. My prayer is that God may bless and the world appreciate this effort in the interest of enlightenment and harmony.

One line in Mr. Lloyd's letter tells his story. It is at once the gauge of his breadth of education and depth of moral impenetrability. "I intend," he says, "to

make it the subject of a discourse to the laboring people at an early date."

Mr. Lloyd believes himself to be the center, because the horizon seems to touch the earth at the same length of radius in every direction from where he stands.

In the first place his "discourse" will never reach the laboring people. Laboring people do not attend episcopal churches; neither do they read effusions which emanate therefrom. In the second place a discourse aimed, by one who is consuming every day material things without producing any of them, at those who are producing without consuming, with the purpose of pacifying their discontent with present unjust social conditions, is an assumption of a degree which makes ordinary vulgar insolence appear a virtue.

If the National Economic League has really an honest intention of ameliorating social wrong by promoting a real understanding of economic questions, it could not do more to discredit its efforts in the eyes of thoughtful people than to quote from the persons whose names adorn its printed circulars.



The Professorial Cult

The idea is coming more and more to possess the minds of the workers that all efforts to "educate" them, by those who have denied them justice for so long, are not to be trusted, or understood as receiving their impulse from anything more than a desire to continue things as they are. The day has gone by when a "professor" can really serve the world. The very prefix to a man's name discredits him and brands him time-server. An evidence in point is the recent defense put up, by the professors of the University of Chicago, on behalf of Mr. Rockefeller, against the aspersions of Dr. John Bascom. Dr. Bascom, former president of the University of Wisconsin, in a talk before the Wisconsin Teachers' Association at Milwaukee, said:

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"No money that is obtained at the expense of the people can ever be used for the good of the people. There are no trusts in the intellectual world and no corners in the kingdom of heaven. I doubt the power of any university or college or theological seminary to turn money that has been made at the expense of the community into the welfare of the community. The taint of a bad temper will cling to it, will lurk in it like a flavor in an unclean infusion."

When asked afterward if he had reference to the Chicago university and its gifts from John D. Rockefeller, Dr. Bascom said he did; and added:—

"When an institution founded and maintained for the benefit and education of the youth of the public accepts money which has been gained in direct defiance of laws and principles laid down by that public, it vitiates its influence in the minds of those students upon whom it is duty to exert a good and moral influence. Therefore, I say that money is ill-gotten that is at the direct expense of the people, and it can never be used for the benefit of the people."

Most of the Chicago University professors were wise enough to pass Dr. Bascom's remarks in discreet silence; but some of them flew to the defense of their patron with a zeal which emphasizes Dr. Bascom's observations.

In the first place there was displayed a degree of flunkeyism which makes impossible a fearless and impartial scholarship; as in the remarks of one of the secretaries of the university, Walter A. Payne, who said that "even if we were under the influence of Mr. Rockefeller, I don't believe it would be a bad thing for the university; it might even facilitate its progress." Just what is meant by "progress" in this connection may be guessed.

Professor T. W. Goodspeed may, however, have achieved the real bulk of the defense, when commenting on Dr. Bascom's observations he said:

"It seems scarcely worth while to argue against such statements. Supposing, however, for the sake of argument, that the money given to the university by Mr. Rockefeller had been gained in an unlawful manner—a supposition which I do not for a moment admit—I fail to see what better use could be made of it than by distributing it in the cause of education. This ethical point is too shadowy to merit consideration."

No more positively immoral attitude than this could well be imagined for one in Prof. Goodspeed's position.

It breathes an unqualified disposition to condone evil and perpetuate it; to defend or wink at unlawful or unjustifiable methods in the acquisition of wealth; to laud and elevate the giver as an example worthy of emulation; and finally to bend instruction to the concealment of truth and to a blind devotion to material success, however attained.

If the University of Chicago had a reputation to lose, a professor who chooses the attitude of the unquestioning and worshipful receiver of illegitimate wealth would help lose it.

It is this hireling defense of human exploitation by men who arrogate to themselves the dignity of the teacher's position, that makes the entire professional cult appear to the workers as untrustworthy and venal.



The Standard Oil Company For Professer Goodspeed to decline to admit the supposition that the Rockefeller millions were unlawfully obtained impeaches his integrity. He cannot be quite a fool. If he has not read Henry D. Lloyd's book, Miss Tarbel's recent articles have created enough comment to attract his attention.

The Standard oil company has increased the price of its product to jobbers by $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents a gallon since the beginning of the coal strike. One cent of this advance is just being announced to the trade. At the same time the company declared a dividend of 10 per cent. This follows a distribution of 5 per cent in September, of 10 per cent in June and of 20 per cent in March of this year—making a total distribution of 45 per cent for 1902. Capital in the competitive markets has to be content with 3 to 6 per cent. Is the Standard Oil Company, then, a good trust or a bad one? What says the president and all

the rest who are talking about trusts as being good or bad? Here also is publicity. How effective is it in preventing extortion? Does the fact that Mr. Rockefeller gives a small part of his oil monopoly gains to education make the trust a good one, when otherwise it would be bad? Or if it is a good trust anyway, where can be found an example of a bad trust?

It was simply the fact that the consumption of oil has been greatly increased because of the scarcity and high price of coal that led the Standard to advance the price of its product. Already making dividends of 45 per cent, the first half of the present year, the Standard, inspired by the spirit of greed which seems to be the leading characteristic of such multi-millionaires as conduct that company, deliberately adopts a policy of taking 20 per cent more from the great mass of the consumers of oil, who are chiefly people who can ill afford to be made the victims of such an extortion.

The facts are too glaring to afford Prof. Goodspeed, or any other paid apologist for present social conditions, any ground to stand on. The people of this country are growing very weary of the sort of goodness which lays a burden of millions upon them that a tenth of the gain may be given to "higher" education, of the character which Dr. Goodspeed shows himself capable of imparting.



The Secretary of the Treasury Retreats The provincial secretary of the United States treasury is sorry he did it. He hasn't said so; no official ever admits he is wrong; but the order just issued by the Treasury Department is strong evidence.

Those national bank depositaries which were permitted three months ago to substitute state and municipal bonds for United States bonds as security for

public deposits must now go back to the old security. It was made conditional, when permission was given to the banks to substitute other security for United States bonds, that the bonds so released should be made the basis of new bank circulation. Accordingly the depositary banks must do one of three things under the present order: Either they must buy United States bonds in the open market to put in place of the other securities now to be surrendered, which would be a difficult or expensive course to pursue; or they must retire the circulation taken out on the displaced bonds; or they must reduce their public deposits to such an extent as they are secured by municipal and state bonds. Most of the banks will probably choose to retire or reduce circulation, which was increased in the aggregate about \$20,000,000 by the action of Secretary Shaw last September. It was taken as an emergency measure, in the face of a threatening monetary stringency, in order that the gambling operations of Wall street might not be interfered with.

It is very probable that the banks will not like the new order. They did not consider that this trouble of securing other bonds and having notes prepared for issue on the old bonds was being taken subject to an order undoing it all, issued in less than four months from that time. The secretary had no warrant in law for what he did, and has doubtless been anxious to get back to safer ground as quickly as he could. A slight pause in the feverish speculative activity gives him the opportunity, and he dives for cover before another financial crisis swings up out of Wall street to smite him into another panic.



The Brave "Boys" in Blue Those patriotic and wordy defenders of law and order who condemn working-men for refusing to join any organization of military character should have

been huddled into the New York trolley car en route for Mount Vernon last Sunday morning in order that their guardian angels might have been studied at short range.

A party of soldiers from Fort Slocum created a panic and nearly murdered the conductor, Louis Ettinger. These interesting hired assassins who are members of the "fighting" 16th United States infantry, just back from Luzon, were drinking from flasks and having a glorious time. One of them made an insulting remark, which a Mr. Mitchell, a passenger, and Daniel Long, a former motorman, resented. Then a half-dozen soldiers sprang on Long and Mitchell and kicked and punched them in the face. In the excitement several of the soldiers drew revolvers and began firing through the windows. Women screamed and fainted, while men ran to the platforms and jumped from the car. The conductor, who was trying to collect fares, received a knife thrust in the back and fell to the floor, and Mitchell was thrown bodily through a car window. Four policemen boarded the car at Sixth street.

When the soldiers saw the policemen, they leaped off and scattered in all directions, but three of them were captured. The prisoners denied they did the stabbing, but after they had been searched and nothing found on them, the police picked up a blood-covered knife from the floor, where one of them had dropped it. It is believed that Conductor Ettinger is fatally wounded. This incident goes far to prove that the Filipinos are well and humanely treated by "our" soldiers and have every reason to love them. Army training is wonderful in its elevating effect upon character.



The Case of Col. Lynch The fact that a man guilty of "treason" and sentenced to death, in this age of capitalist over-

throw of sentiment, makes one pause as before a medieval manifestation. It is like meeting a man in chain armor in the crowd at 23d street.

Col. Arthur Lynch, member of Parliament for Galway, was found guilty at London on the charge of high treason, in having supported the cause of the enemies of England in the Boer war, and was sentenced to death. When the case was resumed Friday morning counsel for the defense began summing up. There was no attempt to deny that Col. Lynch supported the Boers, but counsel contended that his naturalization was in no way prompted by treasonable intent, and was solely for the advantage he would thus secure for journalistic purposes. Subsequently, the defendant actively supported the Boer cause in the belief that he was a legally naturalized burgher. Replying for the prosecution, the solicitor-general, Sir Edward Carson, maintained that Col. Lynch joined the Boer army as a discontented Irishman, "thereby committing a most cowardly and most serious act of treason." His naturalization, continued the solicitor-general, was only a flimsy pretext. Counsel then proceeded to narrate in detail the prisoner's alleged acts of adherence to his country's enemies.

The lord chief justice summed up very briefly. He said that if, in war time, a British subject joined the king's enemies, whatever his purpose, he was guilty of an unlawful act. Naturalization during war time afforded no excuse whatever for subsequent acts. There was abundant evidence, he said, of overt acts in aiding the king's enemies. The jury, after having been out half an hour, returned a verdict of guilty. When asked if he had anything to say as to why he should not be sentenced to death, Col. Lynch replied: "Thank you, I will say nothing."

The following week, as if conscious of the absurdity of the sentence, the king decided to send him to prison for life.

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Wendell Phillips declared that when he died he desired two words to constitute his epitaph: Infidel and Traitor, and surely such "treason" as that of Col. Lynch would have appealed strongly to him.

A son of prostrate Ireland, crushed by English Landlordism and Capitalism, goes to fight with pen and sword in the Boer cause; which at the last is Ireland's cause as well. In approbation of his conduct his Galway neighbors elect him to Parliament. He goes to take his seat to serve his constituents. He is arrested, tried, sentenced to death for "treason."

When Capitalism dies the word "traitor" will die with it, and man can then be true to his own soul instead of an arbitrary geographical division maintained for purposes of exploitation.



Hoch, der Kaiser! The wild and wonderful German Kaiser has been attempting to suppress free speech in the Reichstag. The Reichstag has hitherto been the one place in the provinces of that august emperor where a man may publicly say what he thinks. But the Socialists have been criticising his majesty, because his majesty said some very rude and untrue things about them. Great men like the Kaiser cannot stand criticism. The Kaiser wants to say all the mean things without any retaliation in kind on the part of the members of the "extreme left." Even conservative newspapers, however, are forbearing to approve of the "war-lord's" last fit of childishness. For example, that last surviving instance of decent journalism in America, the Springfield Republican, says editorially:

The best place for criticism of the kaiser is right at home. Face to face with his subjects, to whom he is ultimately responsible, there might be plain talk to the advantage of all sides. The German socialists are performing a service to civilization in insisting upon their right to criticise the acts, policies and speeches of the kaiser, and it is little to say that a great outrage on liberty was

committed when the president of the Reichstag the other day prohibited any speeches by socialist members in criticism of the kaiser's recent public addresses in bitter denunciation of their party. Such a situation in England or America or France would lead perilously near to a revolution.

To have freedom of utterance in criticism of a monarch who does not hesitate to rail at other people restrained in that body is a serious blow at the country's constitutional liberties. Whatever conservative people may think of socialism as a theory, the truth is that in Germany the socialists are almost the sole opposition to the militarism and jingoism of the aristocracy and plutocracy. They alone have been fearless enough to criticise the emperor's foreign policy as it needs to be criticised in order that the nation may not embark on foolhardy enterprises abroad. If they are to be gagged in the Reichstag, Germany will be the worse for it.

This is good stuff and if the war-lord can read English he should paste it in his hat. The goblins will get him some day and singe his mustaches as they did the locks of the venerable Professor Mommsen last week, if he doesn't watch out. No hair-burning in Germany could excite deeper feelings of commiseration than the long, luxurious locks of the anti-socialist professor, unless it be the whisker of the Kaiser himself. Our own Governor Dole of Honolulu had a disastrous conflagration in his flowing beard while playing Santa Claus at Christmas, a holocaust that may well put Americans into a sympathetic attitude toward similar visitations.

But the Berlin fire was most pathetic. The aged seer, perched upon the top round of the faithful ladder in his great library, was peering among the dust-covered tomes, which were illuminated by the flickering light of a tallow dip held craftily in the hand of knowledge. Then came a puff, a bright flame, a cloud of pale blue smoke, and the library was heavy with the suggestive odor of burning hair. Like the poetical raven, the wise man sat high among his books and croaked. He called for help, and when it arrived the head which has caused consternation among the German

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socialists was found wrapped in the august coat, while the professor bitterly declared with truth that his beauty had been completely wrecked.

Let the ubiquitous German war-lord beware. His Nemesis may also be preparing to exhibit him as a derisive spectacle. He is talking too much. Danger lies that way in this age of overturnings.



The New National Secretary The election of William Mailly as National Secretary of the Socialist party fell like a thunderbolt upon the Boston comrades, who had come to look upon him as their man. No more fitting selection, however, could possibly have been made. Mailly is equipped for the work as no other man in the movement seems to be. He left immediately on Sunday, February 8th, for Omaha, Neb., where the office headquarters had been suddenly moved by the vote of the majority of the National committee, without reference to a referendum of the party.

The official disapproval upon the comitteemen responsible for this dictatorial and arbitrary action should be swift and unmistakable. No possible excuse can be offered in defense of the removal of headquarters from St. Louis before the party was given opportunity to declare its wishes in the premises. If any member of the committee was led into a thoughtless vote upon this question he should make haste to set himself right before the party membership, that official disapproval may fall upon those only who deserve it. Any evidences of the spirit of bossism in the Socialist party should be sufficient warrant for the membership to drop its other concerns long enough to stamp it out root and branch.

Not to recognize that what the movement needs today is comradeship rather than leadership is to be an enemy of Socialism.

The Failure of Victory

The fact that there are more unskilled workmen idle in the United Kingdom than before in 10 years is a disquieting sign. The accounts of the conditions among the poor in London are startling. The pessimist concerning England's future will find in all this something to feed upon. At least one thing is sure: That billion dollars which it cost to conquer the Boers will never come back to the people from whom it was drawn.—*Springfield Republican*.

It appears from the dispatches that the problem of the unemployed is falling with exceptional weight upon England this winter. Conspicuous among the contributing causes are the release of many thousands of men from army service in connection with the Boer war, and the dullness of industries which the war kept in an unusual state of employment.

It looks very much as if our English brothers were now to enter upon a period of reflection in which the cost of their patriotic impulses may become apparent. One of the most interesting and honest admissions of the actual state of England today is made in a letter to an eastern daily written by Rev. Samuel I. Fuller of Bridport (Dorset) England, in which he declares with feeling that no country will remain either great or prosperous whose people are ignorant. England as a whole has not yet seen this truth. But many of her keenest minds have long ago seen it, and have striven to arouse the people; notably Sir Joshua Fitch, so well known to American readers. But the English pockets have been touched, and now they wonder why the country parson says, "I am hard hit; the tithes of my living grow less every year." His reduced living is still further reduced by increased taxes since the war was on. Hence he buys less. His children consume less. His boys are not sent to college—and so on.

Mr. Fuller goes on to say:

The parson's lot is but the type of the lot of all classes. Great country houses are shut, waiting for rich Americans to hire them, because the owners are poor. The rents from their lands are so cut down. The renting farmer, once work-

ing his several thousand acres, now hires less than half, and curtails at every point. He also is not the purchaser he once was, and the shopkeeper feels it. The country squire in many instances has withdrawn to his gardener's cottage—and buys next to nothing. His old clothes will do! Now, this is what I have been seeing all over England during the last eight months, since last May.

The education bill means nothing to this problem. Indeed, it is probably worse than nothing. It checks rather than promotes the education of the last man. It tends to continue the distinctions of class privilege and to leave the lowest where he is. And you may well imagine that the lowest buys only enough to keep him alive. He has been taught by his church to be "content with" his "present condition." What we believe in as a divine discontent he would think to be blasphemy.

The South African war leaves a heavy burden here. Thousands of the returned troops have no work. The London Times concedes that 30 per cent, nearly one-third, of London's great population is underfed. This means that a million or more human bodies in the greatest city of the Christian world are to-day slowly starving. The stock market did not revive last June when peace was declared. I was in the House of Commons and heard Balfour make the solemn announcement of the terms of peace, but it did not quicken the market—nor has it revived since. How could the market revive when the consumers don't consume? The consumers won't consume until the people are educated to know how to break down the barriers which shut them out from the chance to earn their share of the world's prosperity. Ignorance will go to the shearers and end in the shambles.

Mr. Fuller proposes no remedy, but he is certainly to be commended as one who has quit crying peace, peace! when there is no peace. He sees that something is wrong which intelligence could right, when capable men are out of work, and capable men are underfed and capable men are slowly starving.

It is rather late to see this, but it is better to see it now than not at all. Most of the gentlemen of the cloth are as usual, blaming it on God. Mr. Fuller however, sees a gleam of light which may lead him to find the real wrong and the real remedy. He at least discovers that human agency is not entirely without culpability when he exclaims:

Fancy watching acres of rotting apples in the orchards, tons of roses

dumped into the Thames, thousands of acres fenced off from production for game preserves. For miles I have seen such stretches of arable land—over them are running wild rabbits—to be shot; beautiful pheasants—to be shot; gentle deer by the hundreds—fattening for the table. Fancy watching the willing and capable army of "out-of-works"—the thousands eager to earn bread—and these fields lying idle.

It is, however, a far cry from the recognition of the fact that English land is not being put to its best use, to the discernment of the truth that the Boer war was a capitalist war, with no possible gain to the English people.

A few families have profited from the sale of war material—and mourning goods; the masses of the English have simply saddled a debt upon their shoulders which, even if it does not break their backs, will keep them in prostrate poverty for centuries.

The intoxication of "Mafficking" has given place to the dull ache of the sober moment—which will last with many until their dying day.



The Accommodating Courts

One of the most interesting discussions which the subsidized press of the country has ever exercised the privilege of ignoring, took place at last month's annual meeting of the American Economic Association at Philadelphia. By some blunder in steering the deliberations along the usual innocuous channels the question of railroad rate-regulation came up.

Mr. Prouty spoke for the interstate commerce commission and urged the strengthening of the law giving the commission power over the rates. He declared that while the consolidating railroad monopolies were improving the situation as regards discriminations between individuals and corporations, they were coming into possession of greater power than ever to advance their charges, and were exercising this power to a noteworthy degree. It was something they should not be allowed to pos-

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sess free from public control and adjustment to standards of reasonableness; and the interstate commerce commission was the proper public body to sit in judgment on the rates.

Then up spake Mr. Walker D. Hines of Nashville, Tennessee, who had happened in by traveling a few hundred miles for the purpose.

Mr. Hines is the vice-president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and his principal function is to be present at the sessions of the Tennessee legislature. If Mr. Hines were not so modest he might be induced to admit that the reason that the Tennessee legislature always does what the Louisville & Nashville Railroad wants it to is because of his amiable and winning presence in the lobby. Some ill-natured persons who do not understand the methods of statesmen are rash enough to say that Mr. Hines' breast pocket is continually filled to bursting with the commodity which Tennessee legislators call their "honor."

At the session of the Economic Association at Philadelphia Mr. Hines followed Mr. Prouty, and argued against lodging full power over railroad rates with the inter-state commerce commission. He preferred the present arrangement by which appeal lies from the orders of the commission to the United States courts. The judges, he said, were better fitted for the task of determining the reasonableness of railroad rates than the commission; and to his mind the fact that the courts had repeatedly set aside the judgment of the commission and, in fact, had rendered the commission practically impotent in the matter of regulating rates, proved the inferiority of the commission to the courts as a competent body in passing upon railroad rates.

This reasoning is of a quality to excite enthusiastic admiration among the stockholders of railroad monopolies.

The judges were better fitted to determine the reasonableness of railroad

rates because they had rendered the commission impotent in the duty imposed upon it by the American people!

What Mr. Hines proves is that the courts can be better depended on than the commission to side with the railroads against the people.

As to the matter of competency in passing upon such questions as the reasonableness of railroad rates, which public body is likely to possess it in greater measure—the commerce commission composed of men who are making the subject a special study and giving their whole attention to it, or the courts composed of men whose official attention is directed for the most part in entirely different directions?

Of course there is no possibility of a stripped and manacled commission doing anything. The point at issue is which is most competent to decide a question of rates.

The railroads through their modest Mr. Hines insist that the judges are the more competent and ought to be put over the commission in passing upon questions to which the latter has been chosen to give special attention.

In this connection it will be remembered that the coal railroads and operators were very anxious to submit the merits of the recent anthracite coal strike to the judges of the courts of Pennsylvania for arbitration.

Why?

The modest Mr. Hines would seem to have answered this question.

The modest Mr. Hines in his amiable effort to solve the problems confronting the American economic association, has only succeeded in revealing the especial regard in which the United States courts are held by the railroads in matters at issue between the latter and the public.

There may be a judge or two left upon the bench with sensibilities keen enough to regard the modest Mr. Hines as a payer of doubtful compliments.

Who is the Blame?

We find that Arthur W. Ricketts was killed in the collision at Wanstead. That said collision was caused by wrong orders being given No. 5 at Watford. That after No. 5 had left Watford by the issuance of wrong orders we consider that the accident could have been averted by the operator at Wyoming or Kingscourt Junction, had the railway company had more experienced operators at these points (one being but a boy of 16), at each of which places the dispatcher, having had ample time to do it, endeavored to get the opposing trains stopped.

—Finding of the Coroner's jury.

The world is often called upon to admire in railway trainmen a high heroism that amounts to martyrdom.

It is no very uncommon thing for an engineer, or a fireman, or some other humble hero in overalls to give up his life to save the trainload of human freight dependent on his fidelity to duty.

Perhaps there is no more brave, alert and faithful class of men on earth than the American railway trainmen. The weight of responsibility they carry is almost inconceivable to the ordinary mind, and the speed and safety with which they transport millions of men and women is amazing.

Yet, resting against this record is the fact that within a fortnight two great railway wrecks have occurred in this country, in which 60 people have been crushed and burned to death.

And only a month ago, just across the Canadian border, there was another, in the debris of which 30 dead bodies were found and more are believed to have been consumed.

Each of these disasters was the result of some man's negligence.

In spite of the advanced precautions that science has provided, reliance must still be placed in human intelligence and faithfulness to a large degree, and sometimes these fail.

Mechanical devices for safety may be perfect in their operation, but man is not.

In New Jersey, where 20 were burned to death and 40 others injured, the

block system was in perfect operation, and it would seem that accident was impossible; but an engineer neglected a signal.

In Arizona, where 30 were burned to death and 45 others injured, a telegraph operator had made an error in receiving an order.

In Ontario, a dispatcher made an error, and a train was dashed to destruction, 30 or more lives were lost and many more were injured.

The finding of the coroner's jury in this latter case placed no responsibility except upon a sixteen-year-old boy. *It did not inquire how a sixteen-year-old boy came to be weighted with this heavy responsibility.*

The principal feature of the testimony was the evidence of this sixteen-year-old James Troyer, the night operator at Kingscourt Junction, where Dispatcher Kerr endeavored to stop the express train. Troyer stated that he was on duty for the first time on the night of the accident, and that his total previous experience as an operator was for two nights at Strathroy, where he received only a total of four messages. He gave as a reason for not hearing Dispatcher Kerr calling him for seven or eight minutes that he was studying the time-table and did not recognize the office call, which he had heard only once before.

Thirty lives went out because this Grand Trunk Railway corporation employed a young boy to do a man's work.

The trains in the crash were the Pacific express, west bound, and an east-bound freight. The express was running nearly two hours late, and was making fast time. The freight was endeavoring to make a siding to get clear of the express, but failed by a minute or two. There was an awful crash; the colliding locomotives reared up and fell into the ditch, the baggage car of the express telescoped the smoker, and the shrieks and cries of the wounded and the dying filled the air. The in-

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jured sustained all manner of hurts, and when they reached the hospital at London were so covered with blood that they could not be recognized. Many of the dead had suffered frightful hurts. Heads were cut off, legs were wrenched from the bodies, and the stretch of snow-covered level highway became crimson with the blood of the victims.

The Grand Trunk Railway company prints conspicuously upon the application blank given to job-seekers for signature, that men over forty years of age need not apply. That is to say: When a man's judgment is mature, when life experience has best equipped him to serve most intelligently, he is cashiered for a sixteen-year-old boy.

It is time that coroner's juries began to place the responsibility for these wholesale murders where it belongs.

Railroads operated for private profit are unfit to conserve the public safety. You have but to talk five minutes to a railroad man to realize how overworked he is; and to wonder how anyone ever gets in and out of a passenger train alive.

The actual cause of an operator's blunder or an engineer's slip of judgment may be miles away. Maybe the train dispatcher has kept the operator in some little wayside station on duty until tired nature has rebelled.

Drunken by fatigue, the operator's ear plays him false and the order is copied wrong.

The engineer may have come in from a long run and been ordered out without a moment's rest or he may have been dragged from his bed to pilot a limited express through the night at 70 miles an hour.

Whose fault is it if that engineer—his body fagged and his nerves on edge—shall "take a chance" which, were he in his normal condition, his judgment would veto instanter?

It cannot be denied that the extra work and extra hours imposed upon

these brave and uncomplaining fellows must take its share of the burden of blame for disaster and death.

Human nature is fallible, and the man who never made a mistake never made anything; but the responsibility resting upon the lieutenants of capitalism should not be overlooked.

Railroad officers are under obligations to make dividends for an idle class; that is their first consideration, because their official jobs depend upon it.

A day will come when the law will reach back beyond the sixteen-year-old boy at the wayside junction and take the man and woman who are living an irresponsible life upon railroad dividends and hale them into court for murder.



“Only One”

Marion Craig Wentworth

You are only one! Why, take the world so seriously?

So wrote one friend to another, adding to her protest, "Have faith."

Did ever a man since the world began strive to right a wrong but some friend interposed, "You are only one! Why be so concerned?"—invariably urging that somehow things will right themselves and that such concern is a lack of faith in the goodness of the universe?

These well-meaning friends do not see that there is no greater expression of un-faith than the all too-common phrase, "You are only one!" It means un-faith in the integrity of the individual, un-faith in the human will, un-faith in the heart of things. It makes of the human being a slave; it leaves the construction of society to some mysterious power outside human life and allows man no part in the evolution of his world. Such a philosophy utterly denies individual initiative, blights the conscience and precludes all hope or possibility of human effort.

"You are only one!" is a weak and impotent thing to say. It is a confession of ignorance of the way the world has of growing, for how do we progress save through the Individual, how do we grow save by the spread of single enthusiasms, how do we move on save by the large union of "only ones"?

A snowflake is a tiny thing, yet snowflakes piled one upon another through a winter's night may build a barrier through which no train can pass.

Each one is needed in the great world struggle for emancipation. Evolution will not come of itself; it is human intelligence and the conscious co-operation of individuals which bring progress.

Only one can do much.

Who knows how much? Who is to say?

How dare a friend assume to set a bound to the endeavor, to cramp the achievement of one soul's life? How dare he stifle the conscience and cut off who knows what great deeds by insisting "You are only one"? He may be denying to the world one of its noblest and most effective helpers.

A great soul on fire with a new truth must speak it forth though he be the only one in the whole world who sees it; though the world rise up and crush him. He cannot rest until he has given his uttermost energy in protest against a wrong. Only after a man has done his best can he rest on his faith that the cosmic forces will work out the right.

Think of Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, St. Francis, John Ball, Rousseau, Garrison, Marx, George, Ruskin, Morris, Susan B. Anthony, Mother Jones; think of all the world's emancipators, teachers, inspirers, helpers, and fancy any one of them falling under the wailing, impotent egotism "I'm only one!" It passes imagination.

But the friend at our elbow insinuates "but these souls were great."

They were great because they calculated neither on failure nor triumph, never counted the cost, nor doubted the issue, but simply strove with passionate strength to right a wrong; heroically struggled to blaze a trail to the mountain top.

To be one, even to be only one, in the cause of right is great.

So let the humblest of us ever answer the anxious friend, "I am only one, but *I am one!* And being one, I must bear my part in the world's burden, do my share toward its emancipation; and my share is nothing less than my utmost self. All I know is that I must work, that I must do my part in the struggle of the race to rise, that I never can be *even one* until I do all I can to right the wrongs of my brother. If it be only that I cause my neighbor to see the star I see, I shall still count it much—for in the good old cause of Freedom, "*every one*" quickly becomes a multitude.

Only one?

Only one is irresistible!

Only one can change the face of the world!

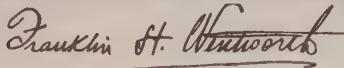


THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

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EDITORIAL



EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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The weaver at the plow: the smithy at the
loom—
What wonder things go wrong?
—Tupper.

IT IS a remarkable thing to contemplate that in a world in which every one has individual tastes and preferences, the great majority of human beings are doing things in which they either have no interest, or which they positively dislike to do.

The square men are jammed into the round holes, and the round men into the square holes.

If the theological devil were anything other than the shadow of our own ignorance, and he should really undertake to afflict us, he could not devise a drearier, more hopeless punishment than to set every man at some task he did not care for.

We observe today the youth, facing life with a positive enthusiasm, seeking the expression of his personality. The hunger-whip lashes him to the nearest service. He may like it; he may not. The point is to do something that will find him bread.

He holds the thing he would love to do as an ideal in his heart. A year goes by, then another, then another; his responsibilities increase; an old mother, perhaps, depends upon his pittance. At last he dare not try the thing he loves. His tale is told. He plods onward to the grave, dragging his dead aspirations.

This must inevitably be the fate of the majority of men and women in any society which is operated for private profit.

The square men will be jammed into the round holes and the round men into the square holes until the collective will of humanity turns its attention from the worship of things to the conservation of human life.

Socialism contemplates a social order under which every man shall find the thing he is fitted for.

To find your work; that is genius.

It is the man who finds his work who pushes human progress onward. If Marconi had gone to measuring ribbons in a dry-goods shop and had been kept there by local responsibilities, we might have waited another hundred years for the ether telegraph.

Every man has something which he can do better than any other man. Life holds infinite variety. We have not yet touched the skirts of human invention.

By keeping economic worry in a world which produces enough and to spare for all, we remain animals when we might be gods.

The discovery of the ether telegraph may be the first step in the solution of the riddle of the universe. If the ether will transmit signals from America to Europe, it will transmit messages to Mars.

We might aid in the process of the suns.

But we will never rise above the animal plane; we will never succeed in putting the individual life to its highest service, while our whole educational system inculcates the idea of "success;" that is to say, while it teaches the lie that it is a fine thing to live upon the labor of others.

The working class, by class-conscious political action, must formally refuse to support any normal person in idleness.

This is the first step toward making a beautiful world.

Every idle man or woman set to work lightens the common burden and helps to bring leisure to the toiling mass.

Leisure, which is the lightening of economic stress, giving opportunity for thought, will allow human beings to choose deliberately the service they most love.

A sane society, contemplating human progress and realizing the value of the individual initiative, will never allow a square man to be jammed into a round hole nor a round man into a square hole, for individuals make the collective life, and a single man left behind drags back the world.

When collective society affirms as its purpose that every man shall do the thing he loves most to do, the weaver will not be following the plow nor the smithy be found at the loom.

Each will come to his own; classes will be forever abolished; life will be a joy and a song; and men and women will develop godlike attributes.



The Socialist Spirit and the Fellowship

It is not without feelings of regret that we announce the discontinuance of the SOCIALIST SPIRIT with this issue. That it has been a real force for good in the socialist movement in spite of its limited circulation is manifest from the letters that have come to us from different parts of the country every week of its existence. A year and a half of the sincerest kind of effort has not demonstrated, however, that its value is commensurate with the life that has been poured into it.

It has always shrunk from capitalist methods in securing subscriptions, making the deliberate experiment of ascertaining if the movement were able to sustain it at its actual value.

Its subscription price of fifty cents a year has paid only for actually printing and mailing it. All the articles and editorial labor have been freely given. The SOCIALIST SPIRIT has always been a labor of love.

There has been no failure anywhere. Since the informal announcement of its discontinuance, offers have come to us, unsolicited, of sums easily adequate to publish it another year, but these offers the editor does not feel that he can accept so long as the weekly organs of the movement are such a burden upon those who are struggling for the new time. The editor believes he can give greater service to the movement in other directions than the publishing of a subsidized monthly. The SOCIALIST SPIRIT has not failed. It has no debts whatsoever. It simply affirms, despite the offers of funds for its continuance, that its contribution to the socialist movement has been made in the year and a half of its life, and that the Fellowship can render greater service by freeing itself from the burden of a special publication, while

the columns of the weekly press are open to those of us who care to write.

A postal card is mailed to each subscriber with this issue giving a choice as to return of subscription money or credit for unexpired term upon the books of another publication.



This issue is delayed by the constant travels of the Wentworths during the past six weeks. They left Chicago on January 16th, stopping over Sunday, the 18th at Rochester, N. Y., where the trustees of Plymouth church opened that edifice morning and evening. Marion Wentworth spoke in the morning to a most appreciative audience, and also shared the evening speaking with Comrade Wentworth. In the afternoon they were greeted by an immense audience at the Labor Lyceum. On Wednesday, the 21st, they were billed to speak at Ware, Mass., but missed connections. On the 22d and 23d they were at Haverhill, at the time of the Socialist Fair and the inauguration of Parkman B. Flanders as mayor. Saturday, the 24th, they were at Whitman, going thence into Boston for a splendid meeting Sunday night, the 25th, in Paine Memorial hall, under the auspices of the Woman's Socialist Union. On the 26th and 27th they were at Lynn and Plymouth respectively, and on the 28th and 29th at Portland and Lewiston, Maine. From Lewiston, Maine, Mr. Wentworth went direct to Cincinnati for a speech at the Clarion club, Sunday afternoon, February 1st, while Mrs. Wentworth remained with Boston friends. Mr. Wentworth returned to the east from Cincinnati, speaking en route at Indianapolis, Wheeling and McMechen, W. Va., and Reading, Penn., meeting Mrs. Went-

worth at the home of Comrade George D. Herron in New York, where they spent the week of February 8th resting and visiting. On February 16th they left New York for Washington, going from thence to speak at Wheeling, McMechen and Martin's Ferry, West Virginia, on February 20th, 21st, and 23d. At this writing they are leaving West Virginia for Toledo, Ohio, where Mrs. Wentworth gives a program of readings February 26th for the invited guests of Mrs. Samuel M. Jones.

From Toledo they will go direct to their home at Winnetka in order that Mr. Wentworth may keep an engagement to speak at a mass-meeting in Milwaukee, Sunday afternoon, March 1st.



An evening that will be long remembered by the New York Socialists is Sunday, February 8th, when Marion Craig Wentworth and Carrie Rand Herron united in an artistic and delightful program as might be devised. Mrs. Wentworth gave a reading of Hauptmann's wonderful poetic mystic play, *The Sunken Bell*, probably the finest example of modern poetry in dramatic form. Mrs. Herron played the incidental music composed especially for the play by Aime Lachaume, and contributed a musical program of three numbers of rare beauty and appropriateness.

Before the reading she played the Rhinegold music, by Wagner, and during the intermission between the second and third acts the exquisitely beautiful opus 30, No. 10 of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. Then at the close of the play, while the audience was yet breathless under the spell of Mrs. Wentworth's final lines, she played Wagner's exalted March of the Holy Grail from the opera of *Parsifal*.

Mrs. Herron's musical talents are of the first order. She brings to her work a definiteness, an understanding, and a rare and subtle sympathy that is unusual in musical interpretation. Mrs.

Wentworth was at her best, as might have been expected from the appreciative character of the audience and the revolutionary spirit of the play.

The enthusiasm created by the uniqueness and effectiveness of the program kept the comrades at the Herron home until a late hour.

Among those who were present, Socialists, musicians, and friends, were Margaret Haile, Anna Strunski, of San Francisco; Miss Dayton, Miss McCord, Miss Haskell, Mrs. Ralph Waldo Trine, Marguerite Wien, Dr. Ingermann, Miss Lee, the Misses Wiley of Rochester, Mrs. Benedict, Algernon Lee and Courtney Lemon of the Worker, John Sparago of the Comrade, Leonard D. Abbott of the Literary Digest, John S. Crosby, George D. Herron, Franklin Wentworth, William Thurston Brown, H. Gaylord Wilshire, Peter E. Burrowes, A. Benedict, Mr. Carey, Mr. McCord, Captain French, Mr. Chapman of London, Morris Hillquit, H. L. Slobodin and others.



Comrade George D. Herron is now settled in his New York home at 59 West 45th street, which is henceforth his permanent address, and where communications will reach him more promptly than if sent to the office of the Socialist Spirit. The home of the Herrons, as might be expected, is the Mecca of the eastern Socialists, who ring their door bell at all hours of the day and night. These two people are the well-beloved of the Socialist movement in America. Beautiful, serene and heroic souls, they must leave their influence indelibly upon their environment wherever they may be.

They purpose spending a quiet summer at their New York home, with certain weeks of relaxation at their Metuchen farm, where the establishment is presided over by Prof. Herron's father.



The Cry of a Child



BY EDWIN ARNOLD BRENHOLTZ

The cry of a child! How slight a thing.

The cry of a child constrained to toil tore through the universal heart and shook the world.

The cry of a child (a sob suppressed) called to the CAUSE unknown, unseen but close at hand, who forthwith sent rebellion stalking through the world anew.

The cry of a child oppressed by man controls the course of countless thoughts this day.

It shall all thoughts control, anon.

Come, Comrade, Brother, Friend, and gaze on this small coffined form that can no longer call with pallid, pinched and bloodless lips to us for love and swift release from tortured hours and days: Hark how each feature, limb and atom still cry out for vengeance to Al-mightiness.

Our cruel hand of so-called social-need crushed back its shrieks and sobs and piteous cry while life was in this form; but can we now compel to silence these significant confronters of our wrong?

Can we prevent this lack of flesh from crying out to God?

Can we prevent these bruised and mutilated limbs from bearing witness true?

Can we prevent the dead from saying to Omnipotence, "I have been cheated of the joys you made for me; I have been chained to toil, drugged, beaten, brutalized and slain—Avenge me now?"

How shall we answer when th' accuser comes and calls to us to show a reason for this crime and that?

Where shall we hide when Vengeance has been waked and walks unceasingly abroad?

When will the restitution Justice must demand for ruined lives, aborted hopes, prevented loves and loss of joy in life be counted full and adequately paid?

O Children cry aloud—and louder yet!

O Children, let your protest rise unceasingly to Universal Love against the purpose of these plotters who have parceled out the earth before your pulsebeat bade the Mother Earth make place for you!

Call to the human in these calloused hearts of ours (call loudly, louder yet!) to sacrifice a little ease and give you justice *now*; to rush to your assistance and dethrone the monster throttling you.

Call louder! louder!! louder!!!

Cursed Greed has deafened all the race.

Call louder—we are seated in seclusion where the senses lulled by wine and beauty do not readily respond to wail of woe.

Louder yet, O children, louder: we are far away from fields and mills and mines, and whirling of the wheels and blasting in earth's bowels drown your feeble cry to us.

Louder! Louder!! Louder!!!

O ye forgotten children of our Brothers! wake us now if ye would save us from the doom of hell's most deeply damned.

Awake us, Children, *with a slight child's cry and tears.*



Photo by J. Harry Lamson, Portland, Maine

MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH



The Woman's Portion

BY MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH



Woman is a factor in the social revolution.

She is an incalculably great factor, either for its triumph or its failure.

She may help it win or she may drag it back.

Is it not time for both men and women to realize this?

Man cannot go forward to the cooperative commonwealth alone; he can not go without woman; he will never find his social vision realized, until at his side there is a forceful, intelligent, morally potent womanhood, equally eager with him to establish on earth the dream of the ages.

One thing does woman especially need, to fit her for the new social order of fellowship, and that is, a passion for the associative principle; a knowledge of what it means to stand shoulder to shoulder with one's comrades in a struggle for better conditions; a practical understanding of that great principle "the welfare of each is the concern of all;" a conscience which responds to the needs and rights of the downmost man; a mother heart, universal enough to care for the well-being of all human kind.

Woman needs a deep, moral consciousness of the race. Man needs this consciousness also, for he is but half-a-

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man who has not yet had born within him the feeling of responsibility to the race as a social being. Because of his environment in the way of large world activities, trades-unions and the like, man has had more opportunity than woman of realizing this race-consciousness.

She has led a cramped and isolated life. In the ancient tribal days she was free, had a voice in the public councils and was respected. With the institution of Private Property came the Patriarchal household and its Law and the inevitable subjection and degradation of woman. She became merely the creature for the propagation of the race, her horizon extending not beyond the castle of her lord. With centuries of such environment, it is no wonder that morally she has become so small that it is hard for her to understand the necessity of relieving the sufferings of those outside the personal circle of near relations, hard for her to comprehend the meaning of social justice and social righteousness.

Living a narrow life of sheltered isolation, it is but natural that her sympathies, meant to be divinely large, have dwindled to pettiness, that her mind capable of greatness has become filled with small ideas and little aspirations.

As the institution of Private Property enslaved woman so now with the word that it must go come hints and promises of the noble-hearted, free, large-souled womanhood that will attend the co-operative life.

Woman's entrance into the industrial world is a fine step onward. Here she learns the lesson which comes to every worker in the present competitive system. To resist the encroachments of capital she must organize. So through practical experience she learns the lesson of solidarity, of standing-together, of association. In entering the field of industry she is but resuming her ancient tribal activity.

The working man is learning that it

is not fellow men, nor women, nor children, nor machinery which is displacing him—but a vast, unjust competitive system.

A union woman said the other day that the greatest obstacle they had to contend with was the opposition, indifference and ignorance of the wives of union men. This is hard to understand, just as a Socialist meeting made up entirely of men is hard to understand. Are union men not educating their wives and daughters in the principles of unionism? Are Socialist men not eager, anxious and glad to bring their wives and daughters and sweethearts into the movement?

Are they not doing all they can to enlist their efforts and sympathies in this great common struggle for emancipation?

There is no class of people to whom socialism means more than to women.

It means economic freedom.

With economic freedom we shall have a nobler womanhood. Marriage will be lifted out of degradation. No woman will marry for the sake of a home—no woman will live with a man whom she does not love. Love will be the determining marriage motive.

With economic freedom, household cares will be lightened. Invention will turn its light at last upon this state of life and simplify the now complex and wearisome round of duties. Co-operation will come into play and free woman from most of the home drudgery.

Remember, men—you cannot win socialism without the women.

A generation of Socialist mothers would do more to win the cause than anything else in the world. Not luke-warm Socialist mothers who say "I'm a Socialist because John is"—not these echoes, but real, energetic, intelligent Socialists, who consciously, purposefully train their children in the principles of socialism and who have the passion for industrial democracy and human fellowship burning in their hearts.

Thou Shalt Know the Truth

BY CHRISTINE BROWN

"What is the most desirable thing to be accomplished in 1903?"—*Boston Sunday Globe*.



The most urgent, pressing need of the hour and times is true education. The people of this and of every land should become conscious, through proper education, of their rights—their divine, inherent rights, as denizens of this particular terrestrial globe.

The present situation in this country is appalling, and if we interpret it intelligently, we see it as the result of certain processes which have tended to make machines of men; which have caused moral inertia, and degeneracy of ideal.

To begin to remedy matters we must strike at the root, which lies in the people themselves.

Teach them what they are, as human beings; their possibilities; teach them their relations to each other and to the very planet they live on.

The fact that we are here, dependent on the land our feet must tread, the air we breathe, the water we drink, testifies to the law of laws—that of need. -

The elementary needs, then, should by the very nature of the case, be supplied; freely supplied. How is man to know these needs? Teach him. He should be educated regarding the laws of the physical and mental natures; this will lead him to seek for the expansion and development of these natures.

What is law's need as to a perfect working of the same? Freedom. Yea, "freedom is the breath of the soul," and surely, if it is the very essence of essentials to the soul's life, may it not be also for the body and mind—for true and noblest development of these?

Let us look at the physical nature first.

We find ourselves walking on the ground, and dependent on its products for food. Are food, air, water, shelter, luxuries, or are they *natural* needs?

The creatures on the earth not called human have like needs. In this respect, then, we share similar needs, and all, as creatures, placed on this planet, should have free use of the planet's bounties, for best physical development. For mental and spiritual growth, needs relative to such, must likewise be met, and this means freedom, freedom to study, to use the faculties, to be alone, to meditate. Thus genius would be befriended by favoring conditions for its being and living, and in return, we should have the gifts genius ever makes to the people, in poetry, music, art, inventions, etc., etc.

What would proper education reveal? The truth that the necessities which answer man's needs belong to him, and when conscious of this truth he will demand "his own" in every situation.

Money is a commodity, which indirectly serves the body and mind. But food, air, land, shelter, fuel—everything essential, belong to the creatures on the planet; should be theirs, freely, and will be theirs when men become clear-sighted enough to know their own natures and needs.

When that time arrives, the government will be a natural guardian simply, and a distributor of the people's own. Money-making will be spurned as idolatrous; man-making, and developing to an ideal stature, physically, intellectually and ethically, will be the glory of that age.



Photo by Bertha Howell, 480 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM MAILLY

Recently elected National Secretary of the Socialist party

William Mailly's splendid record as miner, trades-unionist, writer, organizer, editor and executive makes him easily the most desirable man for national secretary that the party membership affords. He combines a rare idealism with the keenest sort of executive wisdom, and his nobility and purity of character invite the homage and the confidence of all who meet him.



The Chance to Live

BY WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN



The time is coming when the chance to live will be open to all. I do not say that all will even then avail themselves of that chance. But that chance will come. And there are two forces which are co-operating to bring it into existence. One of these forces we call material, the other we call spiritual. I cannot think that the one is any better than the other, by whatever name we choose to call it. Material necessity and spiritual necessity—these are the forces. They are already massing men together on different levels of struggle, and they are going to be more and more recognized as kindred.

On the one side there is the growing consolidation of the world's laborers, the growing solidarity of what is called the working class—the mass of men and women who are in a special sense victims of the law of "supply and demand." Those who are finding themselves nothing under the sun but an industrial commodity, as such subject to the laws of the market as lumber or pork or coal or iron. Their struggle today is not a struggle for life or for the chance to live—they have not reached that level. It is merely a struggle for existence.

But as they learn their power, it is bound to be something vastly more than a struggle for existence. It will be a struggle for life. Indeed, there is incomparably more of religion, more of morality and ethics, more of all that we are accustomed to call spiritual, more that belongs to manhood, more that suggests the prophets and Christs of history, in the words and deeds of the united army of the world's international fraternity of workingmen, than can be found in all the platforms and

programs and principles of all the other classes of men combined.

Some of us have been accustomed to associate materialism with the men who are working for the emancipation of labor. It is a mistake. Nowhere in the world is there a higher moral quality than there. If you would find materialism and materialists, look to the plans and utterances and philosophies, whether secular or religious, of those who talk of our "great prosperity," the "full dinner pail," and the "commercial superiority" of the United States among the nations of the earth. As in all past history, so now it is the ruling class that is saturated with materialism. It is among these that morality is dying, that ethical principles and faiths are disappearing, and that every noblest aspiration of humanity seems going into eclipse.

You must look to the world's united laborers for the real fountains of spirituality. They represent the only base upon which a decent or enduring ethic can be erected. They are the producing forces of society. Even in their oppression they are far closer to the heart of Nature, nearer the sources of life, than any others. From them alone can anything worthy to be called religion come. In them is the creative power of the universe.

It is an advertisement of our widespread hypocrisy that we have become accustomed to call the working class the "dependent" class, while we think of the holders of capital as the "independent" class. Exactly the reverse is true. The dependent classes are those which produce nothing, which have no part in the divine process of creating the necessities of life.

And when the vast labor army becomes conscious of its power, it will be something more than the mere chance to exist that it will seek to establish. The triumph of the movement toward economic freedom cannot be like those which have preceded—which have merely scratched the surface of life. It cannot mean the ascendancy of individuals. Neither can it mean simply an overturning of society, so that what was formerly on top will then be at the bottom, and what was at the bottom will be at the top. Nothing of that sort can take place, because industrial evolution has reached a point where it is no longer possible for the individual to say of any product, "It is mine." The day of individuals in industry is long past. The day of socialism in industry is here. Co-operation is as truly the law of social and industrial life, as gravitation is the law of physics. That law rules out the competitive struggle of the past. It ensures a totally different order for society.

On the other side, the feeling among thoughtful and earnest men is sure to grow, that the conditions of existence are intolerable. It is no better to be a master than it is to be a slave. It is no more desirable, in an intelligent world, to ride on the backs of others than it is to be ridden. Exceptions there are, of course. They are created by conditions. There are men and women who like to exploit their fellows, just as they like to hunt bears or deer or other game. There are individuals who take pleasure in being tyrants and slave-drivers. And there are individuals who like to be lackeys, sycophants, slaves. There are men and women who think they were divinely destined to be the dependents of others.

But the phenomenon of a Tolstoy, a Carpenter, a Crosby, a Jones, is not accidental. It is a prophecy. Men and women of intelligence, of moral and spiritual instincts, are going to demand that there shall be some chance to ex-

press these nobler impulses of their souls. They are going to feel the supreme necessity to be free, to be released from the necessity of riding on the backs of their fellows. Men and women are going to refuse to tolerate a religion which has no ethical quality in it. They are going to reject a system of doctrine that teaches the brotherhood of man one day in the week and approves a struggle of beasts the other six days.

These men and women who are not willing to indulge in meaningless forms and close their eyes to the brutality of our industrial system, who cannot content themselves with psalms of thanksgiving because their lot is better than that of so many other people, are going to make themselves heard. Their place is not in the ranks of those who would keep up this bare hypocrisy. They must find their place side by side with those who in the industrial and political struggle are striving directly and openly for ends which embody the very soul of justice and fulfill every highest aspiration of religion.

Slowly but surely we are going to have a different thought of religion and life. We are going to see that politics is religion, that a man has never come in sight of religion until with all his soul he has become a citizen, a civic factor, an active force for righteousness.

A new thought of religion, a new thought of education, a new thought of the State is bound to get possession of men's minds. All three involve a new thought of human life.

The cry of life today is for expression. The demand of life is for freedom. That is the meaning of all art, all poetry, all music, all philosophy, even of religion in its deeper significance. Freedom! Expression! That is the growing hunger of the world.

Neither the capitalist class nor the middle class has any moral or material dynamic for the satisfaction of that

need of life. Both these classes rest on the same material foundation—the exploitation of labor. They both have one answer and only one to the world's cry for freedom and for life—and that answer is "government." Some new kind of mastership, some new brand of slavery, some new *evasion* of the truth and need of life, is the best either can possibly give.

The truth is, the middle class has exhausted itself in producing what we already have. It is morally bankrupt. Nay, it is worse. It is eaten up with hypocrisy. It is a counterfeit. The whole fabric of modern society rests on a fundamental hypocrisy. Those classes which are dependent for their very existence on the enslaved and exploited labor of others assume the right to govern and control their fellows; while that class which is the creator of all wealth and embodies those majestic qualities we have attributed to a deity occupies in modern society the place and function of a slave!

The life-forces with which we have to do know no favoritism, and whether we like it or not it is plainly true that the scepter of moral and material dominion has already passed irrevocably from the middle class and awaits the pleasure of the working class. The material and moral dynamic of a better social order than the world has yet seen lies in the labor movement.

Consider the facts. The working class alone is making any real struggle against the decadent system which now cumbers the earth. It is the only class of revolt. The middle class has again and again rebelled against the tyranny of a ruling class. *But it has never risen up against the cause of that tyranny.* The working class is the only one with a militant organization.

Moreover, the interests of the working class cannot be served by any force of "government." Opposition to government elsewhere is wholly *sentimental* and cuts no figure. But the triumph

of the working class means *the end of private property in the sources of life.* The interest of the laborer is a class interest. A working class society would be a society based on collective ownership of the land and productive machinery. The union of the working class politically means the end of government and the substitution in its place of *a new principle of association*, namely, *ability to do useful social service.* The only laws that labor can be interested in are such as guarantee to each man and woman the full equivalent of their toil. *Any such laws, involve the dissolution of existing government.*

The triumph of the working class cannot mean, as so many people seem to think, some sort of collective tyranny over the individual life. At least, it could have any such meaning only so long as the misguided zeal for exploitation and aristocracy kept a portion of the society from taking their places in the social order as fraternal factors in the common life. The ascendancy of a working class could only mean the removal of the present obstacles to personal freedom and individuality.

A working class society would mean a radical change in the whole system and idea of education. But it would be an unspeakably ennobling change. For it would establish the University of Labor and make the whole period of one's life a university course. Education would for the first time in human history get a meaning that is divine. *For the whole routine of labor would be an unfolding and expression of life.* Labor would be Art.

A working class society would beyond question fulfill the biblical prophecy of "a city without a church," but it would do so by *realizing religion in the whole of the common life.* Religion cannot breathe in the cloister, the cathedral, or the church. There is

nothing in such places for it to feed upon. There is nothing there through which it can possibly realize itself. Religion will for the first time appear on the earth when the common life of man

becomes the one thing for the sake of which society exists, when a social order based on labor incarnates that providence and love which we have vainly imagined in an external deity.

Swords and Plowshares *

Reviewed for *The Socialist Spirit* by J. William Lloyd

Ernest Crosby, who is a man preoccupied of peace, has in "Swords and Plowshares" given the world another great work, well worthy of his message and his genius.

An orator and a poet, when you hear him on the platform, when he speaks to you face to face, when you read his verses, the virile magnificence of his manhood, his wit and human love speak straight to your heart. But sometimes in his prose certain literary lacks come to the surface and leave his product bald and inartistic.

This is seldom so in his poems. Most of them are Doric in their rough-hewn shapeliness, and their homely quaintness seems artistically calculated to leave in greater relief the graven line of wit or satire or burning truth for the telling of which they stand. You are not invited to admire the art, but with off-hand grace are kindly, satirically, perhaps bluntly asked to consider a thought.

There is peril in this, not always escaped, of crudeness and didactic heaviness, but in the main I find this simple ruggedness vastly pleasing to me. It seems appropriate to the man and his matter. I can see the marks of the tool (and I like that) like axe-cuts on a hewn beam. And yet the work is mostly nature, nature just shaped enough for use, and no more, as one might fold a cup out of a bit of bark in the woods. This man, you feel, is pre-eminently manly—the kind of man who wants no compliments, and loves tan on his neck

and horn on his hands—and has something to say to you as man to man; and he says it poetically, not because he tries, but because it is natural to him, and the world-old way of the prophet and teacher.

And when across the granite rock-face of one of these quarried poems blooms a sudden spray of flowers, or a vine trails down, a sun-ray flashes, or a spleen-wort curves from a cleft, you are thrilled with the contrasting, unexpected beauty.

And in these plain poems, which are sometimes simple rhymes, sometimes Whitmanesque chants, and which seem always to disclaim rather than assert anything for themselves as art, one finds bits of wonderful sketching, subtle strokes of wit, disjointing thrusts of satire, and turns of vivid expression, which one feels could not possibly be bettered.

How is this?—(about New York):
"O sprawling, jagged, formless city!

City without a face!

Vast stomach of a city, with countless hands grasping for more!

Huge agglomeration of people trying to get the better of each other, with science, art and literature and distinction enough to furnish forth a country village!"

Or this?

"How proud we are of our self-consciousness!

* * * * *

As if a semi-detached thinking apparatus, beating the air like a water-

**Swords and Plowshares*, by Ernest Crosby: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Cloth, 126 pp. Price \$1.00

wheel out of water, were a grand acquisition!"

Or any of these?

"The yearning for freedom is the yearning to be God."

"Before God your commissions and warrants and enlistment-rolls, relieving men of conscience and independence and manhood, are not worth the paper they are written on.

* * * * *

I love my country too well to be a patriot."

"All mankind is excitedly darting hither and thither like insects on a stagnant pool."

"To love your enemies and the looks of ugly women and the souls of mean men."

But there are poems in the book in which the almost austere severity of style is overpowered by a passionate rush of beauty which proves Crosby as true a poet as prophet.

Thus the strong poem, "Godward," so full of faith, skepticism and passionate human protest, of outreach to God and rebellion against the order of his creation, blooms out in the last canto into a poem within a poem, "The soul of the world is abroad tonight," than which there is none finer in the book, nor perhaps in any book.

If you read nothing else in "Swords and Plowshares," read this 74th page.

And in "Outward Bound" is this jewel-work of rapturous description:

"Day is only skin-deep, but the open night strikes into the soul and sets it free.

Oh, the freedom of night, when the brazen lid of day is taken off the world!

* * * * *

But above, above, the heavens extend themselves like the starry tail of a peacock, arched over his head by the wind, when he stamps his feet and quivers and spreads his gorgeous canopy before his enchanted

mate and his feathers rustle like the forest leaves in a gale.

The sky, too, is tremulous over me, and seems to rustle with inexpressible passion."

When reading such as this in contrast with most of Crosby's poems, bare as a Quaker meeting-house of any adornment, one cannot help feeling that, pleasing as they are in their present shape, a little of this color and passion superadded would infinitely increase their charm and power to bear a message.

If any criticism is to be brought against Crosby's poems it must usually be that they are too baldly didactic. And in going over his books one can hardly escape the conviction that he is too indifferent to literary charm—that sometimes he is but a make-shift workman. This is not for lack of tools or skill, there is abundant evidence of that, but from impatience or perhaps even indolence. He is perhaps so sure his pill is needed that he disdains to sugarcoat it, and this is not wise. I have intense faith in his genius, but sometimes it seems to me only half-awake and lazy of effort.

His trouble, I have felt, is that he is too little touched by Nature and Womanhood. No poet can do his best without these two inspirations. Is he so overclouded by the stupid ascetic side of his great master, Tolstoi, that he would ignore sex? Sex is the blood, as Nature is the very body of poetry. Observe that in the last canto of "Godward" and the first of "Outward Bound," to which I have referred, the idea of sex comes strongly forward, and it is the exquisite blending of sex and Nature pictures that gives the thrill. My opinion is that if ever Ernest Crosby arrives at a true appreciation of the importance, holiness and superlative beauty of sex in life, he will bloom into poetry whose passionate truth and charm will surprise even himself. He can paint with

a color and perfection of drawing not easily excelled.

There are many other poems to which I would refer, but can notice only a few. The quaint, archaic turn of "Millenial" and "Woman and War" remind of William Blake. "Love's Patriot" is a limpid thing, clear as spring water and as sweet:

"Then you do as you like in your Land
of Love

Where every man is free?"
'Nay, we do as we love,' replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me."

In "When the Bobolink Flies Low" sex and nature, used together, again give

us a beautiful picture, and the moral, well drawn, is that of the Larger Love.

"My Journey" is a nature-poem, and a perfect sonnet. This leads me to say that when Crosby does use forms he is exact and correct and his rhymes usually faultless.

But "The Veery's Note" is the surprise of the book. I fancy we none of us thought Crosby could do it. Such a bit of lyric passion, melodious and stately, seems more like Andrew Lang. It is exquisitely beautiful and one of the great bird-poems, one to rank with Markham's "Lyric of the Dawn" and Shelley's "Skylark."

Vacation

From "*Vorwaerts*" (Forward) of Berlin. Translated for the Socialist Spirit
by Agnes Wakefield.

"I'm very sorry, Wenzel," said the paymaster, and he shoved toward the workman his sickness-insurance book along with the week's wages.

Wenzel was thunder-struck. "But I'm not—?"

"Yes. Vacation." The pay-master made a gesture of helplessness. "I can't help it. You see for yourself that there's nothing to do." He undid some rolls of money and piled them up on the counter. "You aren't the only one. There—" he pointed at a pile of blue books, "those, too, must go to-day." He counted the coins. "Next Saturday another batch. And the next after that. And so on!"

Wenzel, as if under a spell, looked at the sparkling gold and silver pieces which were piled up there in rows. Then, with uncertain hands, he buttoned his overcoat. "I'm married. And I have four children." It was not said reproachfully nor with servility—it sounded only like a gentle hint.

"I know it, Wenzel, I know it." The pay-master bent his head lower over the counter.

Wenzel kept turning his blue booklet over in his hands. "When a man leaves now—then there's no—chance, for the present, of getting in anywhere."

"Yes. It's slack everywhere. A hard time." The pay-master nodded repeatedly without looking up. "A bitter, hard time!"

The discharged worker, hesitatingly let the book fall into his pocket. He took his hat: "Well—then good-by." Breathing heavily, he turned back once more and said in a tone as if he had to regain self-control: "But can't it be helped, any way?"

The pay-master drummed nervously a little while on the counter. Then, throwing some rows of money together, he exclaimed bluntly: "Do you think it's any pleasure for me to send off one after another? But I can't help it. I'm nothing but an employee here, myself."

With a gesture of desperation he fell back in his chair, supported his head with his left hand, and went on counting.

Wenzel started, after taking hasty leave of his fellow-workers. It was as if a threat hung over them all. The richly flowing jests of better times, the lively feeling of pleasure at having a holiday before them, seemed run dry or frozen, and the grim humor, which sprang up here and there, found no full-toned echo. Nobody knew whether, in the next five minutes, the blue book, as a dreadful addition to his meager wages, would be shoved toward him.

In the yard various groups of the band of toilers met, coming out of the factory. Like a stream that is strengthened on all sides by small tributaries, the dark crowd flowed out of the yard through the massive iron door into the street. There, too, the usual animation was subdued by the sober looks of many who had discharges in their pockets.

Wenzel saw and heard nothing. In his brain everything whirled round one thought. And half-aloud he groaned it out: "Discharged! Discharged!"

Suddenly somebody clapped him vigorously on the shoulder. "Well, Wenzel, off too?"

The one thus greeted looked up and saw Guenther, the tall blacksmith. His face had been washed hastily; he had pushed his hat back upon his neck and had assumed a combative expression. From his eyes sparkled grim irony: "It's time to have a rest, isn't it? Two years ago we could drudge twenty-five hours every day—and now—good-by!" Wenzel made a questioning gesture: "You too?"

The blacksmith laughed: "Of course. Sawed off! Just the bones are left!" He ran a hand wildly through his hair.

"They play ball with us! Ha, ha, ha! Ball!"

Wenzel nodded as if stunned: "Yes, yes. Ball."

The blacksmith clenched his fists: "Now they kick us out into the gutter! Lie there, you dog! Starve! Go hang yourself!"

"But you have only two children," said Wenzel with a feeling of envy.

"Only? Well, yes. But what's a ten-cent loaf of bread to them! The brats have such an appetite—it's perfectly ruinous! They can't get enough! And they're always jolly! And so healthy!" He paused. The wild expression of his features had entirely vanished as he said: "They make a man happy. But when it comes to this—to this!" He shook his head.

"Then we'd rather say good-by to everything." Wenzel's head sank in discouragement.

"What?" The blacksmith drew himself up with a jerk, steel strong energy seemed to brace all his sinews. "That's no way out of it! But we aren't so far as that, my boy!" He stood still and gave Wenzel his hand. "Only don't let them trample us down, do you hear? In one way or another I'll get fodder for my youngsters. Good-by, Wenzel!"

With long strides, he turned into a side street.

Wenzel plodded on; he lived at the other end of the city. Usually he rode in the omnibus; to-day he kept his hand grasped tightly over his week's wages, which were the last for the present. His way was past crowded stores with dazzling plate-glass windows, and by gay restaurants. He kept thinking how he should tell his unsuspecting wife what had occurred—how he should say that dreadful word:—"Discharged!"

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